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eystone Telephone Co.

An Unusual Romance of People Whose Very Being Pledged to De the Bidding of Others By FRANK L. PACKARD Author of "The Miracle Man," "From Now On," ste.

Hawkins, an old New York cabman, unable to throw off his love of drink, pawns his little motherless daughter. Claire, to his old friend, Paul Veniza, to be brought up without knowledge of her real father until he can redeem his piedge by overcoming his weakness and redeeming himself. Twenty years later a futils attempt made by a young unknown white man to stow away on a passenger ship sailing from Samoa brings him under the keen observation of one of the passengers, who follows him ashore and astonishes him yearlife as a San Francisco youngster of wealth and good family, with one weak spot—gambling. The mysterious passenger draws up a strange contract, whereby the youngster of the older man upon the service. Gilbert Larman is the aigmature of the older man upon the written bond—a name known widely as the head of America's wealthest chain of gambling houses. The younger man writes his signature with native invisible ink, requiring the action of the sait sea water to bring out the simple name—John Bruce. In the gambing house which Bruce. In the gambing house which Bruce "visits" as a secret inspector, he plays till he is broke, and through the managament is given a chance to pawn some valuables. The pawnbroker is a marvelously beautiful sirl. Trailing her taxicab, he gets into a brawl vith some excited foreigners, but finds sanctuary just as he keels over at the feet of the girl in the taxicab. She call in Dr. Crang, a brilliant physician, but a drug addict, who is in love with her. She repulses he keels over at the feet of the girl in the taxicab. She call in Dr. Crang a brilliant physician, but a drug addict, who is in love with her. She repulses he keels over at the feet of the girl in the taxicab. She call in Dr. Crang a brilliant physician, but a drug addict, who is in love with her. She repulses he will associated by a substant of Bruce's money which Claire has hidden Bruce asks her to marry him and is astonished at Crang's srip on her. Hawkins reveals to metry him and is astonished at Crang's srip on her. AND HERE IT CONTINUES T WAS Crang in thered John Bruce.

now almost at the top of the stairs, was unconscious that he was panting heavily from his exertions, unconscious of everything save a new refrain that had taken possession of his mind: "It was Crang in there! It was Crang in there!" It was the door just at the right of

hall and against the door. It yielded without resistance, and the impetus of his own rush carried him, staggering, far into the room. Two forms were circling there under the gas light as though in the throes of some mad dance —only the face of the woman was deathly white, and her small clenched fists beat frantically at the face of the man whose arms were around her. John Bruce sprang forward. He laughed aloud, unnaturally, His brain, his mind was whirling: but something soft was grasped in his two encircling hands, and that was why he laughed—because his soul laughed. His fingers pressed that was the soul laughed. tighter. It was Crang's throat that was

soft under his fingers. Suddenly the room swirled around him. A giddiness seemed to seize upon him-and that soft thing in his grip slipped from his fingers and escaped him. He brushed his hand across his eyes. It would pass, of course. It was strange that he should go giddy like that, and that his limbs should be trem-bling as though with the ague! Again bling as though with the ague! Again he brushed his hand across his eyes. It would pass off. He could see better now. Claire had somehow fallen to the floor; but she was rising to her knees now, using the side of the bed for support,

Her voice rang wildly through the "Look out! Oh, look out!"

To John Bruce it seemed as thought something leaped at him out of space—and struck. The blow, nimed at his side, which was still bandaged, went home. It brought an agony that racked and tore and twisted at every nerve in his body. It wrung a moan from his lips, it brought the sweat beads bursting out upon his forehead—but it cleared his brain.

Yes, it was Doctor Crange but the

his brain.
Yes, it was Doctor Crang—but disreputable in appearance as he had never before seen the man. Crang's clothes were filthy and unkempt, as though the man had fallen somewhere in the mire and was either unconscious or calous of the fact; his hair draggled in a matted way over his forehead, and though his face worked with passion, and the passion brought a curious hectic rosecolor to supplant the customery lifeless

It was the door just at the right of the landing. Crang's voice came from there; and the voice was high, like the squeal of an enraged animal:

"You're mine! I've got a right to those red lips, you vixen, and I'm going to have them! A man's got the right to take the girl he's going to marry in his arms! Do you think I'm going to be held off forever? You're mine, and—"

The words were lost again in a cry from Claire, and in the sound of a struggle—a falling chair, the scuffle once more of feet.

John Bruce flung himself across the hall and against the door. It yielded without resistance, and the impetus of his own rush earried him, staggering to the room where they could finish this.

They rolled to the threshold—and out into the hall. John Bruce loosened his hold suddenly, staggered to his feet, and leaned heavily for an instant against the jamb of the door. But it was only for an instant. Crang was the quicker upon his feet. Like a beast there was slaver on the other's lips, his hands clawed the air his face was contorted clawed the air, his face was contorted bideously like the face of one demented. one from whom reason had flown, and with whom maniacal passion alone remained—and from the banister railing "Chi!" she cried, and ran toward opposite the door Crang launched himself forward upon John Bruce again.
"She's mine!" he screamed. "I've been watching you two! I'll teach you!
She's mine—mine! I'll finish you for

John Bruce side-stepped the rush, and Crang pitched with his head against the door jamb, but recovering, whirled again, and rushed again. The man began to curse steadily now in a low, abominable monotone. It seemed to John Bruce that he ought to use his list are cook and thrust it into the fist as a cork and thrust it into the other's mouth to bottle up the vile flow of epithets that included Claire, and coupled his name with Claire's. Claire might hear! The man was rav-

And then they had grappled and locked together again, and were swaying like drunken men, now to this side, and now to that, of the narrow hall.

It could not last. John Bruce felt his knees giving way beneath him. He had underestimated Crang's resistance to the overdose of drug. Crang was the stronger—and seemed to be growing stronger every instant. Or was it his own increasing weakness?

Crang's fist with a short-arm inb smashed at John Bruce's wounded side smashed at John Bruce's wounded side once more. The man struck nowhere else—always, with the cunning born of hell, at the wounded side. John Bruce dug his teeth into his lips. A wave of nausea swept over him. He felt his senses leaving him, and he clung now to the other, close, tight pressed, as the only means of protecting his side.

He forced himself then desperately to a last effort. There was one chance left, just one. In the livid face, in the hot, panting breath with which the ted way over his forchead, and though his face worked with passion, and the passion brought a curious hectic rose-color to supplant the customary lifeless gray of his checks, the eyes were most strangely glazed and fixed.

And again John Bruce laughed—and with a viclous guard swept aside a second blow aimed at his side, and his sweight sag with seeming helpesness upon Crang. It brought Crang around in a half circle. Crang s back was to the stairs now. John Bruce let his hands slip slowly from their hold upon swayed, and lurched, a curious interpolation of the door. Hot and cold waves swept over John Bruce.

He was weak, pititully weak, barely a convalescent. But he was content to call it an equal fight. He asked for no other odds than Crang himself had offered. The man for once had oversteeped himself with dope, and was near the point of collapse. He had read that in the other's eyes, as surely as though he had been told. And so John Bruce, between his gasping breaths, still laughed, and rolled over and over—always toward the door.

From somewhere Claire's voice reached John Bruce, imploringly, in terror. Of course! That was why he was trying to get to the door, to get out of her room—through respect for her—to get somewhere where he could finish this fight between one man who could scarcely stand upon his feet through weakness, and another whose drug-shattered body was approaching that state of coma which he, John Bruce, had been made t

A Fond but Baffled Parent Speaks -By J. P. McEVOY

achievement And marvel at the wondrous things you do, But often you occasion me bereavement

And cause me deep humiliation, too; I'm proud of your intelligence and Your locomotive powers and your vim,

But I would be deficient in my duty
If I ignored your latest little whim. OUR house is strong for economic teachings,
But still we have a modicum of chow,
Enough for second helpings and for

reachings.

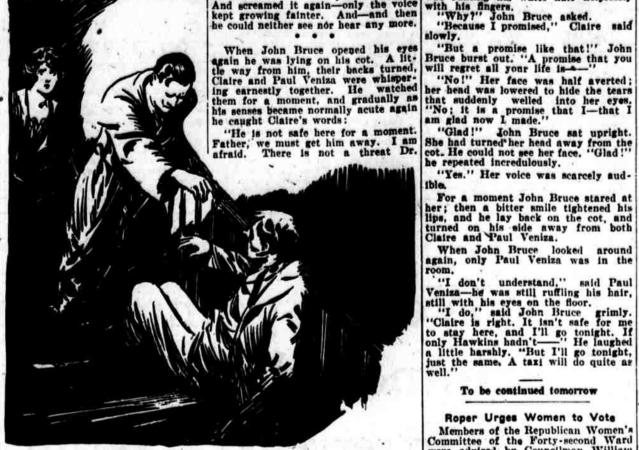
The which have been sufficient up till Find newer games that will not make You have a most abundant factic ration And solid foods of all caloric types—

VIEW with pride each infantile I ask you, theu, for private informa-

COLLECTING snipes is not a noble calling.
The lowly butts no treasure trove can yield, predilection, child, is most ap-

palling,
It shows a fancy wandering far
afield;
Desist, I pray, or else your flaire dissemble.
The wicked weed is bad for baby's

like Claire's, only it was as—as white as driven snow. And as he descended into the blackness some one screamed at him: "I'll finish you for this!" And screamed it again—only the voice kept growing fainter. And—and then he could neither see nor hear any more.



With a scream of infuriated surprise the man pitched backward

was very clear. And so he rolled over Crang made tonight but that he is quite capable of carrying out. Veniza answered soothingly.

Crang home to bed, and as I told you, he

her hands together nervously.
Paul Veniza coughed, averted his head suddenly and in turning met John Bruce's eyes—and stared in a startled

she cried, and ran toward

"There is no other way to take them." She was making an effort to steady her voice. "It is not a question of believing them. I know only too well that he will carry them out if he can. You are not safe here, or even in New

"But he is safe for tonight," Paul eniza answered soothingly. "I got

"Oh!" she cried, and ran toward him. "You...."
"Yes," smiled John Bruce. "And I have been listening. Why isn't it safe for me to stay here any longer? On account of Crang's wild threats?"
"Yes," she said in a low voice...
John Bruce laughed.
"But you don't believe them, do you?" he asked. "At least, I mean, you don't take them literally."
Claire's lips were trembling.
"There is no other way to take

is too badly bruised and knocked about to move around any before morning at

"And yet I am afraid," Claire insisted anxiously. "Fortunately Mr. Bruce's wound hasn't opened, and he could be moved. Oh, if Hawkins only hadn't—" She stopped and twisted

Claire might hear! The man was raving, insane with jealousy. John Bruce struck. His fist found its mark on Crang's lips, and found it again; but somehow his arm seemed to possess but little strength, and to sag back at the elbow from each impact. He writhed suddenly as Crang reached him with another blow on his side.

And then they had grappled and

Members of the Republican Women's Committee of the Forty-second Ward were advised by Councilman William W. Roper at their meeting in their clubhouse on Broad street above Olney avenue last night to prevail upon as many women as possible to vote at the primary election. W. Ellis Groben, of primary election. W. Ellis Groben, the Engineers' Club, discussed propor sites for the Sesqui-Centennial Exposi-tion and praised the Fairmount Park location. Mrs. W. Ellis Groben pre-

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"Yes." Her voice was scarcely aud-

For a moment John Bruce stared at

her; then a bitter smile tightened his lips, and he lay back on the cot, and

turned on his side away from both Claire and Paul Veniza.

When John Bruce looked around again, only Paul Veniza was in the

"I don't understand," said Paul

Veniza—he was still ruffling his hair, still with his eyes on the floor.

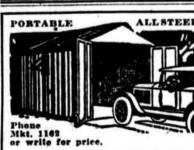
"I do," said John Bruce grimly.

"Claire is right. It isn't safe for me to stay here, and I'll go tonight. If only Hawkins hadn't——"He laughed a little harshly. "But I'll go tonight, just the same, A taxi will do quite as well."

To be continued tomorrow

Roper Urges Women to Vote

Members of the Republican Women's



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myself now—only for you. Tell me, tell Paul Veniza here, to whom it will mean so much, that you have now no further thought of marriage with that"—John Bruce's voice choked—"with Crang."

She shook her head.

"I cannot tell you that," she said dully, "for I am going to marry Doctor Crang."

John Bruce's face hardened. He looked at Paul Veniza. The old pawn-broker had his eyes on the floor, and was ruffling his white hair helplessly with his fingers.

"Why?" John Bruce asked.
"Because I promised," Claire said slowly.

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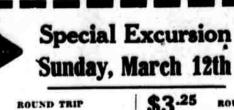
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